



F all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemish Wheels*,
None treads *Religion* upside down,
Or tears *Pretences* out at heels,
Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,
Whose Conscience might be scan'd per-
By the Dimensions of his Chaps. (haps

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine ;
Nay he can bellow, bray and bark.
Was ever *sike a Beuk-learn'd Clerk*,
That speaks all *Lingua's* of the Ark?

To draw in Profelytes like Bees,
With *pleasing Twang* he tones his Prose,
He gives his Hand-kerchief a squeez,
And draws *John Calvin* through his Nose.
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-stockin Similitudes*,
Eight Ules more, and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treason* had a fine new name ;
When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did with Beacons flame ;
When *Jeroboam's Calves* were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Gospel-Comet* first appear'd.

Soon his unhallowed Fingers strip'd
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land,
And having smote his Master, flip'd
His Sword into his Fellows hand.

But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oftimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Out-weigh'd *Queen Mary's* many grains ;
His very Preaching slew more men,
Than *Bonner's* Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-star Zeal* and Lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught ; and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parlement*,
As if the Wind could stand *North-South* ;
Broke *Moses's Law* with blest intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace
Can blanch an *Aethiopian's Face*.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
 To rally upon the Saints in swarms,
 He bauls aloud, *Sirs, leave your Sins,*
 But whispers, *Boys, stand to your Arms.*
 Thus he's grown insolently rude,
 Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,
Money; I mean, and Multitude.

Magistrates he regards no more
 Than *St. George* or the Kings of *Colen*;
 Vowing he'l not conform before
 The Old-Wives wind their Dead in Woollen.
 He calls the Bishop, *Grey-beard Goff,*
 And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,
 As *Dagon*, when his Hauds were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Halloo my Hearts, beware of R O M E.
 Cowards that are afraid to die
 Thus make domestick Broils at home.
 How quietly Great *CHARLES* might reign,
 Would all these Hot-spurs cross the Main,
 And Preach down Popery in *Spain*!

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
 There's no Dissension in the Sky:
 And can there be a Mean betwixt
 Confusion and Conformity?
 A Place divided never thrives:
 'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,
 But worse where Children play with Knives.

I would as soon turn back to Mafs,
 Or change my Phrase to *Thee* and *Thou*;
 Let the Pope ride me like an Ass,
 And his Priests milk me like a Cow:
 As buckle to *Smeſtymnuan* Laws,
 The bad effects o'th' *Gaod Old Cause*,
 That have Dove's Plumes, but Vultur's Claws.

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that nurs'd
 The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew;
 Foul Errors motly Vesture first
 Was Oaded in a Northern Blue.
 And what's th' Enthusiastick breed,
 Or men of *Knipperdoling's* Creed,
 But Cov'nanters run up to seed?

Yet they all cry, They love the King,
 And make boast of their Innocence:
 There cannot be so vile a thing,
 But may be colour'd with Pretence.
 Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear,
 No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
 No Traitor like *Jack*-----